

*Eng. Poet. vol 47.*

L A

FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ALMON, opposite BURLINGTON-HOUSE, in PICCADILLY.

MDCCLXXIV.

[Price One Shilling.]

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# FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE.

**O**NE night, with Horace on my table,  
 Who tells us Virtue's all a fable,  
 And Wisdom but a dream,  
 Surely, said I, our modern times  
 Own no such follies, no such crimes,  
 Men now more moral seem.  
  
 But soon amidst sublime repose,  
 Sleep, Nature's nurse, began to close  
 My weary'd eyes oppress'd,  
 Gently began my thoughts to calm,  
 And diffus'd a lenient balm,  
 O'er my troubl'd breast.

When



When sudden to my sight confest,  
Appear'd a spright like — dress'd,

A Cynic smile she wore:

Such elegance and grace combin'd,

Recall'd her to my glad some mind;

A raven's pen she bore.

She said, view yonder motley scene,

Yon Fête Champêtre, odious glee

Of Folly's idle class;

Their vices those of Rome outvie,

In airy dance they hither hie,

I'll paint each as they pass.

—— leads the way, no more forlorn,

None long the dear departed mourn,

I scarce know t'express it:

Cicero speaks of tears you know,

And says, however fast they flow,

*Nil citius arescit.*

This has prov'd true beyond belief :

One day I begg'd she'd calm her grief,

Nor pine away her life ;

What wretched fate can mine surpass ?

She said ; 'twill be a year alas !

Ere I'm again a wife\*.

—— to his loving wife once swore,

Oft he made cuckolds by the score,

Still Fortune's fav'rite son :

I'm not so lucky she reply'd,

For ever since I was a bride,

I ne'er made more than one.

My faithful guide went on ; abus'd

By all, at Magdalen refus'd,

Virtue's drove out of town ;

They say to Gallic seats she's fled,

Or to Caledonia sped,

That she might be unknown.

\* She was married the day after the expiration of the first year of her widowhood; this passion had however commenced before her first marriage.

But S——y see, the pink of beaux,  
 The savage British race have chose,  
 To represent their nation;  
 Whilst languishing his arms he folds,  
 And, like Narcissus, ever holds  
 Himself in contemplation.

Monmouth, Corruption's seat, avaut!  
 May Henry's\* hideous shrieks still haunt  
 Who their faith thus plighted;  
 What rose is now thy joy and pride?  
 Thy warlike fame is now bely'd,  
 And Humphry† is delighted.

\* Henry V. was born at Monmouth.

† H——y M——e, Esq; of Cornwall, Lord Abergavenny, born at Monmouth, entirely  
 defeated the Cornish men at Blackheath, in the reign of Henry the VIIIth.

In



In triumph yet this knight has share,

He shines in conquests o'er the fair,

‡ Bonne Fortune gives pretension;

But § Geoffroy would hear with shame,

That whilst he nè'er gives up a claim,

He still receives a pension.

Though \* representative his drefs,

His soul no ancient virtues blefs,

Enlighten'd by no ray:

In Friendship's bosom when receiv'd,

His hospitable host deceiv'd,

He cries, *le bon benet*.

‡ Cardinal Mazarine always asked, upon the recommendation of any officer, whether he was *Heureux*.

§ Geoffroy of Monmouth received 1000*l.* a year, on giving up a pretended claim to some of his brother Henry the Second's dominions.

\* He was in the ancient British drefs.

Endow'd

Endow'd with ev'ry art and grace,  
Two damsel† see of pigmy race,

Who encore caro call;  
If either's ask'd to change her name,  
Do you think she'd be much to blame,  
If she gave horns and all.

Such bloodshed blots th' historic page,  
Happy when in enlighten'd age,  
United sects we see;

No longer zealous strife we find,  
Papists and infidels combin'd,  
Luther to praise agree.

Those smart gilt clust'ring Cantabs see,  
Too young to rail at Trinity,  
And preach up innovation;  
They ne'er for †Mortmain strain their throats,  
But claim the privilege of votes,  
Dunces should be in fashion.

With

† The Miss B——.

† Some Fellows of Colleges were sent from C——e, at the expence of the Univerfity, to oppose the Mortmain act with all their eloquence and address. Their lodgings in Gray's-



With pois'nous nightshade's deadly gloom,

That coxcomb see, whose with'ring bloom

By golden shower thrives;

The flower thus which droops its head,

Transplanted from its native bed,

Ty'd to a stick, revives.

The jealous sisters lo appear!

\* Giant and pigmy plain we hear,

T'announce the rival flame;

Each wishes to succeed Dutai,

Whilst H——n is heard to say,

Coloffus is *her* name.

Gray's-Inn-lane, and Port wine, were now deserted for the King-street hotel and Champagne, and they frequented the most fashionable amusements. An act lately passed the Senate there, that Fellow Commoners ought not to be examined.

\* Vide song in Midas by two sisters.

Pigmy elf;

Coloffus itself.

Next comes the tragic fairy M——,

Who still to sense her voice will strain,

And tho' an odd suggestion,

She ever taught her hopeful niece

(Such good advice may she ne'er cease)

Young to be ask'd the question.\*

See D——t by each fair care's'd,

With manly sense and beauty bless'd,

He's caught by H——n's charms;

+ Lamia with pleasing arts inspir'd,

Thus youthful lovers breasts she fir'd,

Dissolving in her arms.

\* Vide Dialogues published by L——y M——, in question and answer.

+ A celebrated Greek courtesan, concubine to Ptolemy I. King of Egypt. When he was taken prisoner by Demetrius Poliorcetes, she became mistress to the latter, though she was much older than himself; and he became a lover to her alone, notwithstanding he was beloved by many other women; such was the power she had over him by the force of harmony, i. e. flattery. Plutarch in Demetrio.

T——I see with idle prate,  
 Her husband his untimely fate,  
 Like Buckingham may rue;  
 Howe'er in confidence of youth  
 He says (and judges perhaps with truth)  
 No wife was e'er more true.

All kinds of men of business here:  
 T'have elegance and taste appear,  
 In statesmen is a blessing:  
 \* The Opposition ceas'd to rave,  
 (E'en ——— silent as the grave)  
 And were two whole days dressing.

What tho' the Popish clause has pass'd,  
 Our subjects now are doom'd at last  
*D'être esclaves aux pretres;*  
 All say it matters not a groat,  
 Whether they've liberty or not,  
 If they've les Fêtes Champêtres.

\* It was remarkable most of the party were absent from the H. of C. the day before this celebrated Fête; even the M——r did not appear the day itself, though the most important bill was in agitation which has passed this century, and on which the fate of many thousand people depended.

Rivers



Rivers of diamonds deck the scenes,  
Flowery festoons, tabourines,

A rural fight produce :

But Lord N——h kick'd in vain they say,  
And though in practice ev'ry day,  
He cou'd not hit a goose.\*

A Druid of the grove appears,  
In L——y B——y's doubts and fears,

Folly he can foretel ;

Replete with pleasure void of strife,  
He prophecies their future life,

En Santillane's Raphael.

The self-invited guest proclaims,  
(As tho' unheeded now are names

Honour'd in ages gone)

“ Archives of chivalry abound,

“ *E're Druids were* all coasts did found

With name of *Hamilton*.

\* The gentlemen shewed their activity by kicking the tabourines placed at a height among the branches of the trees ; and a goose was placed on a may-pole to be shot at.

\* The Roman ensigns still are worn;  
 With olive chaplets laurel-crown;  
 On disk of base alloy;  
 Still may they reputation share,  
 Who these descendant honors bear,  
 Emblems of home-felt joy.

Wither'd alas, the civic crown,  
 The badge by which Mar's sons were known,  
 Blending immortal wreathes:  
 Brutes are by martial spirit bred,  
 Our polish'd warriors are inspir'd,  
 But when the soft flute breathes.

\* The Roman ensigns were called *Insignia Lunaria*; they consisted of crescents, and a chaplet of olive on a disk of metal. *Bryant's Mythology*.  
 † Caesar, in the siege of Mitylene, obtained the honour of the Civic Crown, which, though made only of oaken leaves, was esteemed the most reputable badge of martial virtue, and never bestowed but for saving the life of a citizen, and killing at the same time an enemy. *Bryant's Mythology*.  
 Civic coron. militum virtutis insigni clarissimum. *Plin. Hist. Nat. 16. 4. Vall. Pat. 2. 18, Vall. Max. 9. 13*

† Ἄλλω μὲν γὰρ εἶδος θεὸς πολέμια ἔργα  
 Ἄλλω ὀρχηστὸν δὲ καὶ μεροσσοῦσαν αἰοῖσιν.

HOMER.

This crown, the price of Venus' charms;  
Now decks\* the female feats of arms;  
When duties are fulfill'd;  
And these they don't perform by half;  
For, tho' no citizens more safe,  
They've bred as oft as kill'd.

Each champion now, like *Peppin*,  
Adieu to kisses sweet will say;  
If he receives a wound:  
Like widow Wadman will each fair  
Find out exactly the place where  
At siege of Dendermond.

\* The figurantes of the opera were there each decked with an oaken leaf.

† Regner Lodbrok boasting his exploits says, I made the Golden-hair'd Chief bite the  
earth, who passed his mornings among young maidens; and loved to converse with wi-  
dows. **BARTHOLOMEW.**

And Boh, a Danish champion, having lost his chin and one of his cheeks in battle,  
enters into a soliloquy how he should be received by his mistress; and says, they will not  
now, as before, give me sweet kisses when I return home. **Chorus.**



The god of gardens frowns to see,

That whilst he's not one votary,

Kind Venus all adore: †

To the young pair that each be kind,

That each propitious they may find,

Uction divine we'll pour.

She spoke, but quick my flatt'ring dream

(Oh! how transporting did it seem)

Confus'd began to fade;

Sleep from my humble pallet flew,

And tho' my fair one's beauty's true,

I find all false she said.

To thy delusions still resign'd,

Return dear visions of the mind,

And round my fancy play:

Ever my wounded soul beguile,

Teach me thro' rugged life to while

My solitary way.

† A magnificent temple was dedicated to propitious Venus.

F I N I S.

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